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country, is incorrect, and unauthorized by good usage. It should be "to leave the city."

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2. — *Homeward Bound, or the Chase. A Tale of the Sea.* By the Author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 12mo.

THE recent productions of Mr. Cooper have added nothing to his own reputation, or to the stores of American literature. He has set up for a master of the elegances of life, and has discoursed learnedly, through volume after volume, upon the arbitrary refinements of fashionable society. Professing to be a sturdy republican, he has exhausted his powers of invective upon the manners and characters of his countrymen, who are, taking his own descriptions for truth, ignorant of the first principles of social refinement, and no better than a nation of brutes and savages. If such are the friends of Republicanism, she may well pray Heaven to save her from them. Mr. Cooper's works, for the last three or four years, seem to have been written under no higher inspiration than that of spleen. They abound in uncalled-for political disquisitions, filled up with expressions of the bitterest scorn and hatred. They are deformed by perpetual outbreaks of a spirit, which might be expected to show itself in the pages of a ruthless partisan, careless of truth in aiming at the reputation of an opponent whom he wishes to ruin; but from which the writings of the poet and the man of letters, sitting apart, "in the still air of delightful studies," ought to be wholly exempt. He has added nothing to the range of characters in fiction, which amuse and occupy our hours of leisure, and to which the mind returns, as to old familiar scenes, or the faces of friends; he has told no new tale of human passions, for our instruction or warning; but he has given us, both in his books of travels, and his last novel, a few brilliant descriptions of natural scenery, both by land and sea.

"Homeward Bound" is a sort of log-book of a passage from London to New York. We are entertained *ad nauseam*,—until we are absolutely sea-sick,—with the rocking of the packet-ship Montauk, in fair weather and foul. These scenes, wearisome by repetition and prolongation, are diversified but not relieved, by the doings and sayings of a set of passengers, the like of whom, for stupidity and absurdity, could scarcely be gathered together, from the whole circuit of the British dominions and the United States. A couple of more tiresome gen-

tlemen than the two Effinghams, the pet characters in the passengers' cabin, it has never been our lot to meet, either in fact or fiction; and the heroine, Miss Eve Effingham, is a special nonentity. The newspaper editor, Mr. Stedfast Dodge, is plainly designed for a cruelly severe satire upon the editorial corps in the United States. But the character of this worthy is drawn in such exaggerated colors, that it shows the unskilfulness and ill-feeling of the author, but by no means the real faults and follies, — many and serious enough, — of the persons against whom the satire is aimed. The fact is, Mr. Cooper has no facility in drawing characters. With two or three exceptions, his personages are mere wooden images, with no semblance of life. Their conversation would be intolerable, or rather impossible, between men and women of flesh and blood; their actions would be inconceivable, out of the pages of a romance. People never talk as Mr. Cooper imagines. There are far fewer blockheads, male or female, in the real world, than in that possessed by Mr. Cooper's imagination.

This novel has almost no plot. The characters, such as they are, figure in a few dull dialogues; and there are a few faint indications of an incipient love story, which is probably to be unfolded in the next work. As it stands now, there is no completeness, no conclusion, no plan, to be found in the book. Nothing redeems it from utter and deplorable dullness, save a few descriptive passages, and two or three animated actions. The battle with the Arabs, on the African coast, is the best of the latter; and the storm which precedes it, is the most brilliant of the former.

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3. — 1. *The Lady's Annual Register and Housewife's Memorandum Book, for 1838.* By CAROLINE GILMAN. Boston: T. H. Carter. 12mo. pp. 140.
  2. *Recollections of a Southern Matron*, by CAROLINE GILMAN, Author of "Recollections of a New England House-Keeper." New York: Harper and Brothers.
  3. *The Poetry of Travelling in the United States.* By CAROLINE GILMAN, with additional Sketches, by a few Friends, and a "Week among Autographs," by the Rev. S. Gilman. New York: S. Colman. 12mo. pp. 430.

THE title-page of the first-named of these works, is an index to its contents. It is a manual for the use of housekeepers, containing pertinent hints and instructions in the various departments of housekeeping, including a garden Calendar for